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Hamnet

(Hammet finds William Shakespeare)

Greenock Library: Watt Monument,
GREENOCK.

20th June, 1891.

Dear Sir,

I duly received your note of the
thave today sent to you Nos 6 & 7 of the Ham
Edition of Shakespeare (Julius Caesar & Coriolanus)

I regret that they were not being
in the publisher's.

I am

Dear Sir,

Yours truly

Alfred D. D. D.

Greenock Library
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M. Saunders:
The Labor Library

* N.C.M.

THE HAMNET SHAKSPERE,

EDITED BY ALLAN PARK PATON.

The following Parts have now been published:—

- I. THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH. Price 2s 6d.
- II. THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. Price 3s.
- III. THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE. Price 3s.
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(Completing Volume I., which may be had bound).
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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA AND *Alto,*
~~Leves-Labour's Lost,~~
Will form Parts VIII., and IX.

Opinions of the Press.

"The Fifth Part of Mr Allan Park Paton's 'Hamnet Shaksperc,' completing the first volume of what, when it is finished, will be one of the most remarkable and valuable editions of our great dramatist ever published, is 'The Winter's Tale.' That several months have elapsed since the appearance of the last preceding part is not surprising, in view of the enormous labour which Mr Paton expends upon each play. His introduction to 'The Winter's Tale' is in itself a comprehensive essay on the circumstances in which Shaksperc wrote his Plays, and on the advantages which Heminge and Condell enjoyed, and the obstacles and difficulties with which they had to contend, in the preparation of the immortal First Folio. Incidentally, Mr Paton furnishes a brief biography of Shaksperc, and a description of the theatre in which most of his Plays were acted. He has also some valuable remarks on the tendency of the commentators to substitute a new reading for the original, in many cases in which the First Folio text might with perfect safety be left untouched. He furnishes an excellent illustration of this in the now accepted practice of making Hamlet say—'I know a hawk from a *hernshaw*' or young heron, instead of 'a handsaw.' Against this emendation—which, by the way, has been adopted by so profound a student of Shaksperc as Mr Henry Irving—Mr Paton opposes proof that in Shaksperc's time there was a common proverb—'he does not know a hawk from a handsaw;' and the evidence of this fact which he adduces illustrates very forcibly the industry he has brought to bear on his task, and the wide area of his researches. His introduction as usual contains lists of all the Emphasis-Capitals which were dropped and introduced in the editions of 'The Winter's Tale' subsequent to the First Folio, while the text is a faithful reproduction of that edition, with the spelling modernised, except in a few cases where he is of opinion that the retention of the old form of particular words helps to preserve better the true spirit and colour of the passage."—*Scotsman*.

"With praiseworthy but surprising expedition Mr Paton has successfully reached another stage in what is evidently a labour of hope as well as love. His theory grows swiftly, if also with wonderful minuteness, into a substance that must claim a large space in any future textual criticism of Shakspeare. . . . The lists imply great labour of a true and thorough kind, the results of which will be appreciated by Shakspeare scholars of every opinion."—*Daily Review*.

"Whether for private study or public reading Mr Paton's Reprints will be welcomed by every lover of Shakspeare."—*Book-Analyst*.

"The Third Part of the 'Hamnet Shakspeare' gives us the fine Tragedy of 'Cymbeline,' according to the First Folio. The spelling, however, is wisely modernised. There are, too, lists given of the Emphasis-Capitals of Shakspeare in this Play, and a mass of information of the deepest interest to all Shaksperian students."—*Brief*.

"Mr Allan Park Paton continues to display an enormous amount of industry in dealing with his theory of the important part played by Emphasis-Capitals in Shakspeare's Plays. Some of those Capitals certainly afford powerful arguments in favour of Mr Paton's view."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Apart from his theory, Mr Paton has shewn great and commendable industry in collating the Four Folios, and his work is an admirably printed and very handsome edition of the poet."—*Manchester News*.

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"The Editor of the 'Hamnet Shakspeare' pursues his ingenious theory of the Emphasis-Capitals, to which we have already called attention. This Play, like those which have preceded it, is a model of clear printing and careful editing."—*Bookseller*.

"The whole subject is one of great interest, and Mr Paton pursues it with unabated ardour. His examinations and corrections of the text are as interesting as ever, while the beauty of the typography and the care in editing are as pronounced in this number as in its predecessors. Mr Paton has taken on himself a prodigious labour, which he seems to have both the industry and the ability to complete. The 'Hamnet Edition' promises to be a work of immense value. . . . Loving and most painstaking care is everywhere evident, while the paper and typography are such as to satisfy the most fastidious of book epicures. We must admit that Mr Paton makes out a fair case, and he certainly opens up a question of rare interest to the student of Shakspeare. Whatever difference of opinion there may be on his theory, there can be none on the merits of his Modernised Reprint."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"With praiseworthy industry Mr Allan Park Paton continues the publication of his 'Hamnet Shakspeare,' which is designed to supply an edition of the great dramatist, according to the First Folio, with the spelling modernised. The speciality of this edition, however, is the prominence given to the Emphasis-Capitals used by Shakspeare. The text is printed with great care on thick paper with broad margins."—*Edinburgh Courant*.

"We said last week that the introduction to Mr Allan Park Paton's new edition of 'The Winter's Tale' was full of varied interest, and so it is. Not only have we an incidental sketch of the life of Shakspeare, but several valuable miscellaneous notes on particular passages and expressions. One of the most suggestive of the latter is that on the phrase used by Hamlet, 'I know a hawk from a handsaw.' . . . Passages of this sort make one regret that Mr Paton has not enriched his edition of Shakspeare with more such excellent suggestions. No one is better qualified than he to publish a fully annotated series of the Plays."—*Nottingham Daily Guardian*.

"When the amount of labour expended by Mr Allan Park Paton on each Play is taken into account, there is no cause for surprise at the length of the interval between the issue of the parts of his 'Hamnet Shakspeare.' He subjects the text to an examination even more minute than has ever been given to it by the Commentators who are the glory of the New Shakspeare Society, but, happily, for a very different purpose. In his introduction to 'Julius Caesar,' which constitutes the seventh part of his edition, Mr Paton maintains as resolutely as ever his attitude as the champion of the First Folio text, and fortifies his position, while at the same time extending it, by some exceedingly interesting observations on the punctuation of the First Folio, and on the fashion in which it has been departed from by modern editors. Mr Paton boldly contends that the result of these deviations has been, in many cases, to pervert and extinguish Shakspeare's meaning, to check the natural flow of the language, and to rob the student of a punctuation carefully adopted and regulated by Shakspeare himself. In the Introduction before us, Mr Paton only advances evidence in support of the first of these propositions; that evidence, however, strikingly illustrates not only the minuteness of his critical investigation, but his acuteness in grasping the meaning of the text; and no impartial reader can doubt that he has made out a very strong case. He promises, in his remarks on subsequent Plays, to pursue the subject still further. It is to be hoped that he will redeem his pledge; for there seems to be no reason for doubt that in this way he will furnish another strong proof of the value of the much-abused First Folio text. Mr Paton gives the usual lists of Emphasis-Capitals omitted and introduced in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, and his text is a most exact reproduction of that of the First Folio, with spelling modernised. Whatever may be thought of his theories—and in our view they are of very great value—his labours deserve grateful recognition from all schools of Shaksperian students, as a unique effort in the way of conservative criticism and comment."—*Scotsman*.

William Shakespeare

THE HAMNET SHAKSPERE: PART VII.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR:

ACCORDING TO THE FIRST FOLIO

(SPELLING MODERNISED).

WITH

RELATIVE LISTS OF EMPHASIS-CAPITALS,

AND

INTRODUCTION, INCLUDING REMARKS ON THE DEVIATION OF MODERN
EDITORS FROM SHAKSPERE'S PUNCTUATION, AS IT IS SHEWN IN
THE ORIGINAL EDITION (1623).

BY

ALLAN PARK PATON.

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NOV 1891
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Et Tu Brutè?

So stands this famous exclamation in the First Folio, (where the query is similarly used in thousands of cases, as in this Tragedy, with Portia's words,

How weak a thing
The heart of woman is?);—

so it stood, we believe, in Shakspeare's scarcely blotted manuscript:—but so it is NOT printed in any Modern Edition with which we are acquainted. Yet this, its original form, seems worthy of being reproduced beyond the Province of Reprints and Fac-similes, valuable though they be, and valued as they are by some of our best, as such words as these of Thomas Carlyle bear evidence: "I give and bequeath to my dear friend David Masson my photographically printed Folio of Shakspeare's Works, in memory of me."

A special interest attaching to this historical-looking phrase, now so familiar as to be almost proverbial, forms one reason, we think, why it should be preserved exactly as we first find it. There is, as Merivale repeats, "no classical authority for it," everything is in favour of its being regarded as Shakspeare's own invention, and, indeed, we seem to see the Poet's mind "ettling" at its adoption in the "Brute—Brutus" written opposite the account of the assassination upon the margin of that particular copy, described on and after page 25 of our last Introduction, of Plutarch's Lives, which Work he so religiously adhered to in his Roman Plays, but where we, strangely enough, find no words whatever addressed to Brutus by the dying Cæsar. Another good reason for its resuscitation, consists in its presenting us with such an eminent example of Shakspeare's use of the Capital Letter, in suggesting the right Meaning, and guiding Emphasis. Had he introduced the exclamation in English, it would, in harmony with the surrounding text, have been set down by him "And Thou Brutus?" but this rule of his he here carries into Latin, where, in ordinary printing and writing, the words would certainly

appear as, *Et tu Brute?* If Shakspeare found, or wrote them, *Et Tu Brutè?* it could only be for the purpose of making the “*Tu*” emphatic or shewing the local importance of the word, and this would be the very reason given by a Latin Editor for printing “*Et Tu*” instead of “*Et tu.*”

In “*The Imperiall History From the first foundation of the Roman Mōarchy to this present tyme. By Ed. Grymestone, Sariant-at-Armes. London Printed by Mathew Lownes 1623*” we have the story of Cæsar’s murder thus told :

“Being comn to the Temple where the Senate was to sit that day, he cam down from his Litter, and entred therein; and, having first done sacrifice (as then was the custome) which all, according to their superstitious ceremonies of that time, presaged to be fatall and infortunate, he sate down in the Senate in his chair : and BRUTUS ALBINUS, entertaining MARCUS ANTONIUS at the door of the Temple, or (after some others) TREBONIUS ; as it was decreed, one of the conspirators (whose name was CELER) came to CÆSAR under colour to intreat him to be pleased to release a brother of his from banishment, and presently all the rest of the conspirators drew neer to his chair. Which when CÆSAR perceived, thinking that they had all come for the same purpose, it is written that he said unto them, What force is this? And at that Instant one of them, whose name was CASCA, beginning, they all drew their poiniards and swords, which they had brought in secret for that purpose under their gowns, and began to wound him. The first blowe he received, they say, CASCA gave him in the throat: at which wound CÆSAR spake aloud, saying, What dost thou, Traitor CASCA? and, wresting the poiniard out of his hands, he arose and stabbed CASCA through the arm: and beeing about to strike him the second time, he was prevented by the other wounds which they gave him; with great force and courage leaping from one side to the other to defend himself. But, when hee saw MARCUS BRUTUS (whose authority and reputation was great) with his sword drawn in his hand, wherewith he had already wounded him in the thigh, they write, that he was much amazed thereat, and said in the Greek Tongue (which the Romans did then understand and usually speak) Why how now, sonne BRUTUS? and thou also? And having said so, and seeing so many weapons bent against him, and that no body came to his rescue (for, there was so great a tumult in the Senate, as

they all thought to have died ; and, being in despair, none durst attempt to defend him) he remembered to keep the honour of his person, and with his right hand covered his head with part of his robe, and with his left hand hee girt himself, and settled his clothes about him ; and, being so covered, he fell dead to the ground, wounded with three and twenty wounds."

We have quoted this particular narrative of Cæsar's death, out of a number, for special reasons ; to only one or two of which we are here able to call the attention of our readers. First: this Imperial History by Grimestone was printed in the very same year with the First Shakspeare Folio (1623), and yet scarcely such a thing is to be found in it, from end to end of its 867 pages, as what we have titled an Emphasis-Capital. Then, Edward Blount, one of the Printers of the First Folio, was the printer of Grimestone's History of the Siege of Ostend (referred to by us on page 9 of our Introduction to Coriolanus), and the exclamation of "the mightiest Julius" on his fall, while printed in the Shakspeare Folio, "Et Tu Brutè," is, as we have just seen, baldly printed in the Imperial History, "And thou, my son?" Again, Mathew Lownes, the Printer of Grimestone's work, was also the Printer of the Folio Edition of the divine Spenser's "Faerie Queene," published in 1609 (a copy of which lies beside us while we write), and there, likewise, to search for any other Word distinguished by a Capital Letter, other than a proper name or allegorical subject, would be almost like "seeking for a needle in a haystack." Even from these few remarks, our readers may see, that the wide difference, in this respect, between these Works and the Shakspeare Folio, bears importantly on the questions : Was there a prevailing Printer-fashion of that time, and if so, what was it? We have been asked by more than one of our Reviewers, if we are aware, how abundantly and indiscriminately, Capital Letters were inserted in Works printed about the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, to which our answer is, that we are perfectly familiar with dozens of such Works, which are, we may say, infested with Capital Letters, and that we know quite as many altogether or nearly bare of them, like the two we have just referred to. But we really cannot see what this has to do, in the very slightest, with our present undertaking. More or fewer Words so distinguished in *other* Works than Shakspeare's is a question that we have no need or desire to meddle with, and that cannot possibly affect our

position, which is, as laid down in the six opening lines of our first Introduction (to Macbeth), that "It must have occurred to many who have studied his Works in the First Folio (1623) that Shakspeare had a rule of distinguishing in his Manuscripts, by a Capital Letter, any Word which ought to be emphasised, in order to the bringing out of his full meaning, the system having been originally adopted, no doubt, for the guidance of Players in the delivery of their Parts." Although it were the fact, that *all* Works of that period were furnished with Capitals to as great an extent as the First Shakspeare Folio, it would remain with those who differed from us in opinion to shew that these as abundant Capital Letters in other Works were valueless, and that these in the Shakspeare Folio were equally valueless. If, on the other hand, any one could establish that such found in other Works, were as intelligent and precious, as we have already, we think, proved those in the First Edition of Shakspeare to be, none would rejoice more in that revelation than ourselves, or hope more fervently that if they were really great and world-prized Works they should appear in Reprints like the present, where the Authors' accredited Guides to their true and full Meaning would be placed at the service of their lovers and students.

JULIUS CÆSAR, which was first printed in the Edition of 1623, is the shortest of Shakspeare's Tragedies: Macbeth coming next to it, in point of brevity. Its number of lines is 2,381, and, as may be seen in the Tables we gave in our Introduction to Timon of Athens, it is well endowed with Emphasis-Capitals, having, as it stands in the First Folio, 1,286. Of these, the Original Emphasis-Capitals, the three After Folios, in their course of sixty odd years, dropped among them, 516, and, on the other hand, jointly contributed 177 New ones, only 23 of which are to be found in the Second and Third. Altogether, of such, Original and Added, Julius Cæsar possesses 1,463.

Our readers will, in using the following Reprint, find that very many of these Meaning-Guides are quite as striking as that with which we opened this Preface, and to give them some idea of the valuable help towards the proper understanding, reading, or recitation of the Text, which is awaiting them in its pages, we here insert a few examples:

I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my self.

And this Man,
Is now become a God, and Cassius is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

The fault (dear Brutus) is not in our Stars,
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.

No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Caska, we have the Falling sickness.

When these Prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Natural:

But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoke, and sufferance, shew us Womanish.

Th' abuse of Greatness, is, when it dis-joins
Remorse from Power: And to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known, when his Affections sway'd
More than his Reason.

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the Head off and then hack the Limbs:
Like Wrath in death, and Envy afterwards:
For Antony, is but a Limb of Cæsar.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius:
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by Cæsar's Spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But (alas)
Cæsar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carcase fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stir up their Servants to an act of Rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.

Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your Self,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keep with you at Meals, comfort your Bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his Wife.

Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?

Say he is sick.
Shall Cæsar send a Lie?

The cause is in my Will, I will not come,

I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in th' Firmament.
The Skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine :
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That unassailable holds on his Rank,
Unshak'd of Motion :

Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the
better Judge.

Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsars Vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is Himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

What? Shall one of Us,
That struck the Foremost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers :

Must I stand and crouch
Under your Testy Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.

You wrong me Brutus:
I said, an Elder Soldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

The Original Text of this Tragedy seems to us to have been printed with marvellous correctness. So far as we can see, of what are, beyond question, typographical errors, there are only nineteen; these being as follows :—

Condltion for condition, Brntus for Brutus, hit for his, tho for the, horses do for horses did, we heare two Lions for we are, First for First, Lethee for Lethe, from mine eyes instead of for mine eyes, course for coarse, Blutus for Brutus, Brn for Bru, ill remper'd for ill temper'd, gurgd for grudgd, I will it not for I will not, slumbler for slumber, Lucus for Lucius, tenure for tenor, and Sword Hilt for Swords Hilt.

In a Work of over 2000 lines, only nineteen words imperfect, and, of these all save six, right except in a *single letter*, is surely strong evidence of “pious care” on the part of the Editors. But even of this number there are six for which we would not hold them responsible, for these are found within the same 140 lines, whole pages upon either side of them being innocent of faults, and they evidently were the result of “a spill” or other accident in the Printing Room, happening after the final authoritative revision, and where the disturbed Case or Cases were, for concealment, hurriedly put together in the best way possible. Of what may only *perhaps* be typographical errors in the Julius Cæsar of the First Folio, there are five; viz.: Is favors, if thou path, eight hour, lane of children, and neither writ; with regard to some of which, and of the Lethee above quoted, we shall, by and by, have a few remarks to offer.

The Second Folio (1632) has been held by several Editors to be much more correct than the First, of which Craik, for instance, says, “It is very far from what would now be called even a tolerably well printed

book. There is probably not a page in it which is not disfigured by many minute inaccuracies and irregularities, such as never appear in modern printing." But "Facts are Chiels that winna ding," and the following List of Errata in the Julius Cæsar of the Second Folio will prove that it has twice the number that is in the First:—on Images for no Images, the Cæsar's trophies for Cæsar's trophies, Calpurnia for Calphurnia, Antoni for Antonio, not himself for not itself, profess in Banquetting for profess myself in Banquetting, But my single self for But for my single self, says for said, a Feaher for a Feaver, accounted for accoutred, have though for have thought, Mary before for Marry before, Cæsar's Imags for Images, writtings for writings, went surely by for surly by, Instrument for Instruments, tears for roars, these stange for these strange, redress for redress, what a fearful Night for what a fearful night is this, Spirits of men for Spirit of men, bear Cæsar hatred for bear Cæsar hard, dark morning for dank morning, to-nigh for to-night, Do not Brutus for Doth not Brutus, State unborn for States unborn, mourh for mouth, to them for to him, to Decius Houses for to Decius House, print the way for point the way, forgetfulls for forgetfull, Be which for By which, The Son of Rome for the Sun of Rome, that yet all for that yet in all, How died my Strato for How died my Master Strato. And to this long list of Errata come to be added two of a ridiculous character, and with a mysterious history attached to them.

In the passage where Decius, returning from the Games, meets Casca, Brutus, and the others, and tells them, in his blunt way, of Antony's having offered the Crown, and of Cæsar's having,—through agitation caused by his desire for it, and disappointment on seeing the multitude's pleasure at his pretended apathy about the matter,—been seized with an epileptic fit, we have this:—

"When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their Worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four Wenches where I stood, cried, Alas good Soul, and forgave him with all their hearts; But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stab'd their Mothers, they would have done no less."

The Second Folio makes it "*stab'd* their Mothers:" and in the Scene in Brutus' house, before Cæsar's Spirit appeared, when he wishes his young attendant Lucius, to play or sing a little to him, we have the lines:—

“ Can’st thou hold up thy heavy eyes a-while,
And touch thy Instrument a strain or two,”

which this Second Folio—of which we are told by the Author of “*The English of Shakespeare Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Julius Cæsar*,” that “it is the only one the new readings introduced into which have ever been regarded as of any authority. But nothing is known of the source from which they have been derived”—changes into :—

“ Can’st thou hold up thy Instrument a strain or two,
And touch thy heavy eyes a-while,”

which two absurd transformations, wonderful to say, are not only religiously reproduced in the Third Folio (1664), but in the Fourth (1685), with our favourable opinion of which our readers must be familiar. Verily, a circumstance like this, gives one something to “chew upon.”

The *Julius Cæsar* of the Third Folio has 21 typographical errors, among which are 11 which appeared in the Second. The new errors are these :—

Conjure with ’em man for conjure with ’em, up the Capitol for to the Capitol, Sinews and Limbs for Thews and Limbs, I did not for it did not, state of man for state of a man, lest speak for lest he speak, fire all for fire the, that Ides for the Ides, bring us unto Octavius Tent instead of bring us word unto Octavius Tent, How died my Lord, Strato for How died my Master Strato.

The *Cæsar* of the Fourth Folio has 16 typographical errors, of which only 4 are new. These are :—

Have you stir for have you to stir, not his for nor his, the evil Field for the even Field, get thither on that hill for higher on that hill.

We have some Remarks to offer to our readers upon several nebulous bits of this Tragedy, by which many of the Commentators have been sorely exercised ; and two or three of which are included in the foregoing Lists of indubitable and possible Errata ; such as, “crimson’d in thy Lethee,” “If thou path thy native semblance on,” “Into the lane of children,” “who glaz’d upon me,” &c. We have also to say something about the substitution by modern Editors, of other words, for those in the original Text which were unknown to them, but which a little patient study and research would, generally, we think have made clear;

and of their altering the form of even familiar Words, as Objects into Abjects, Arts into Orts, and Statue into Statua (it here occurs to us, to remind our readers, that £200, being two-thirds of the cost of the Monument to Shakspeare in Westminster Abbey, was contributed by a performance of Julius Cæsar in Drury Lane Theatre, on the 28th of April, 1738). And we have likewise to give our usual explanations connected with the Words, which, while modernising the Original Spelling, we have retained in their old form, such as *earne*, *battailes*, *aswel*, &c., and regarding which we find ourselves possessed of a large number of curious facts. But our present available space obliges us to reserve these to be inserted in the Introduction to *Antony and Cleopatra*, our next Play, in the printing of the Text of which some progress has already been made, and which we hope to publish within the next few months. When we come to deal with similar debateable Passages and rare Words to be found in that Tragedy, we shall gather and treat them together. Meantime, we proceed to a new, interesting, and most valuable branch of our editorial duty, upon which we are eager to enter.

In our Preface to *Coriolanus* we said: "It is our purpose to take up, in a future Introduction, the subject of the punctuation of the First Folio, and we have no doubt whatever, that, on giving, side by side, passages as printed in the First Folio and in the Modern Editions, we shall succeed in dispelling the notion apt to be created through the exceptional misty sentences, and get our readers to acknowledge the immense superiority of what we believe to be Shakspeare's own well-weighed Pointing, as fastidiously set down in the Manuscripts used by Heminge and Condell." To this agreeable task we now apply ourselves, and shall take our examples from *Julius Cæsar*, and rest our Case upon what we find there.

From over a score of Editions of Shakspeare which are ranged about us while we write, we have taken (without selection, save as regards the first two) SEVEN: viz., Rowe's, Theobald's, Boydell's, Knight's, Craik's, Cassell's Illustrated, and that of The Clarendon Press: we have carefully compared the Punctuation of the *Julius Cæsar* in each of these, with the Punctuation of the same Tragedy in the First Folio, and the following is the result:—

Edition.	Date.	Number of Deviations from Punctuation of First Folio.
Rowe's,	1709	865
Theobald's,	1753	1,326
Boydell's,	1802	1,655
Knight's,	1838	1,781
Craik's,	1857	1,621
Cassell's Illustrated. (Cowden Clarke), .	No date.	1,876
Clarendon Press. (W. Aldis Wright), . .	1879	1,947

Now, on first glancing at this Table, the natural thoughts arise, How defective must Shakspeare's Manuscript of this Play have been, although, published in the Folio of 1623 for the first time, it must have been comparatively unworn and fresh, and more likely than some of them to support the words of the Editors, "we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Or, if such really were the case, and the copy of this Play was clearly-legible and unstained, how careless in their editing must these, his so-called "pious fellows," have been, notwithstanding what they say at the conclusion of their Dedication to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery:—"that the reputation may be his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a pair so careful to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead."

As the Table suggests, there is no small amount of labour connected with these hundreds and thousands of Rejected and Added Points in this one Play, particularly to the Compositors; for it is an easy enough business, with an old printed Text before one, to go along ticking out and ticking in points, without thinking of each as a kind of living creature, which it is; and if this multitude of Deviations was required in Julius Cæsar,—which is no exception, and is only one work out of thirty-five,—what a mass of typographical negligence and want in this department, must the whole of the First Folio contain within its covers! It looks, indeed, as if what is said of the First Folio in the Prolegomena to "The English of Shakspeare" were well deserved: "The punctuation is throughout rude and negligent, even where it is not palpably blunder-

ing," and that the writer of a Notice of one of the Parts of this Edition in the *Daily News* in 1877 had truth on his side, when he eloquently expatiated on the wretched condition of the First Folio, and spoke of its errors as "being so numerous as actually to count by thousands."

Yet we hold all such opinions to be *wrong*, and that the alteration made on the Original Punctuation of Julius Cæsar by the Seven Editions named in our Table, was not only "profane," but utterly "unprofitable." The Original *has* a flaw in it here and there, which, as we well know, it is impossible to avoid, and in a large number of instances, the period or other point is not at the end of a line through the matter coming up close to the measure, (occasionally a Word is curtailed of one of its letters to let the line in,) but allowing for these, we regard the Original Punctuation as generally carefully considered and appropriately placed; as, in hundreds of cases, even startlingly intelligent and suggestive; and as, upon the whole, printed with amazing accuracy.

It will be well for Robert Browning, the other Shakspeare of a hundred years after this, if the editing of his Collected Works falls into the hands of men as painstaking as Heminge and Condell were, and that "without ambition of self profit or fame." He has, indeed, already begun to suffer, and, from what we know of his writings since 1841, when we commenced to have the "Bells and Pomegranates," as they were published, he must wince not a little, to observe the changes his scrupulously-finished work occasionally undergoes. In the brief extracts in two of the reviews of *La Saisiaz*, there were not a few of what some might too harshly call "evidences of careless, haphazard printing:"—stimulated thunderclaps for simulated thunderclaps; here fame stopped for there fame stopped; with my lyre lowest, highest, instead of at lowest, highest, and so on, beside many departures from the minute and absolutely necessary punctuation.

The Three Facts which we hope to establish are these :—

FIRST. That by deviating from the Punctuation of the First Folio, the Modern Editors (generally) have, in hundreds of Passages, extinguished Shakspeare's Meaning.

SECOND. That by dismissing a large number of Points found in the First Folio, stationed often, and evidently after the maturest consideration, in unusual places, and for special and most valu-

able purposes, they have deprived the Lovers and Students of Shakspeare, of Punctuation chosen and regulated by himself, and without which, there is wanting one of the chief keys towards the full understanding, and proper reading or delivery, of his Works; and

THIRD. That by besprinkling the Text, as from a pepperdish, with a multitude of New Points which no man can number, (and which wholesale inundation can only have had its source in a desire to "get in" as many Points as possible, so as to exhibit an apparently vast amount of editorial revision and labour,) they have checked the naturally-flowing language, changing it into a stilted, staccáto kind of stuff, and have transformed a Society, of comparatively few members it may be, but all watchful and intelligent, and many of them even inspired, into a Level Army of useless Automata.

Here, we can only overtake the First of these Articles of our Belief; but, from Part to Part of the Edition, we shall keep by this interesting and wealthy vein, working it out until it is exhausted; long before which time, we hope and believe, we shall have succeeded in bringing many of our readers to agree with us.

Our opening example we take from that part of the Play where Casca, returning from the Capitol after the Games, is intercepted by Cassius, Brutus, and the others, and in answer to their enquiries about the meaning of the shouting they had heard, tells them in his abrupt, brusque style, how Antony had offered Cæsar a Crown, and how, probably induced by agitation between his eager desire to have it, and his observation of the Plebeians' satisfaction at his feint of declining it, he had fallen down in a swoon. The Passage is as follows: (we print it as it stands in Knight's Edition):

And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like : he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but I am sure Cæsar fell down.

The line we wish to draw attention to, is that assigned to Brutus, which in all the Seven Editions named in our Table is pointed at the same place, either with a colon or a semicolon. (It is also so pointed in the copies of Schlegel's Translation circulated at the Performances of this Tragedy by the Meiningen Court Company in Drury Lane Theatre in July last,—when we had the comfort of hearing Cæsar, pierced with 23 mortal wounds, shout, “Brutus, auch du?” loud enough to be heard by one or two thousand people,

Das mag wol sein : er hat die fallende Sucht.)

'Tis very like : he hath the falling sickness.

Here Brutus deals with a known fact. “It is very probable,” he says, “that all this happened, that he fell in this way, frothed at the mouth, and lost the power of speech, *because he has the falling sickness.*”

But if it were known that Cæsar was subject to epilepsy, how comes it that Casca describes its characteristics so minutely ? Would he not have said, “And that brought one of his fits on,” or, “then he took one of his fits.” How, again, would Cassius, as if it were quite a strange circumstance, ask

But, soft, I pray you : What ? Did Cæsar swoon ?

Would he not rather have asked, “What, had he one of these, then ?” and a moment after, following Brutus' words, would he have denied it, and said :

“No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I,

And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness ?”

Would he not rather have said, “Yes, *he has his kind of falling sickness, but you, and I, and honest Casca, have ours* : in the present state of matters *we are going down.*” And once more, would Casca have simply said, in connection with Cassius' remark, “I know not what you mean by that ; but I am sure Cæsar fell down” ?

Now, with this discrepancy before us, let us look at the First Folio.
How stands the line there ?

'Tis very like he hath the Falling sickness.

That is: "It looks very like *as if he had* the Falling sickness." "*These* are the features of Epilepsy." Brutus is now merely advancing an opinion or supposition, not stating a fact, and the whole passage, to our mind, becomes plain, and all its parts cohere. Whatever the real facts might be, we have no doubt that Shakspeare here introduced the Falling Fit, as *a new thing*. He, by no means, as we know, bound himself strictly to History; on the contrary, he, in numerous instances, has bent it to suit his purpose where he could increase the poetic effect by so doing. Here, by making the convulsion a novel event, he not only gets bringing in its description, but has the dramatic advantage of a variety of sentiments arising from the hearing about it. We may mention that the line, unbroken by a point, was continued in its original form by the Three After Folios.

Our second Example we take from that part of the Tragedy where Mark Antony, beside Cæsar's dead body, clustered with wounds, apostrophizes the Spirit of his dear friend. (We quote the Passage as it stands in the Clarendon Press Edition.)

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

As here, the other Six Editions in our Table, end one sentence with a mark of interrogation after "of thy corse," and commence another sentence with "Had I as many eyes," &c.

But it is not so in the First Folio. There we have :—

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?

And then, commencing a new sentence :—

Most Noble, in the presence of thy Corse,
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of Friendship with thine enemies.

Here the changing of the sign of interrogation from one line to another has made a decided difference, and we have, what must be to the most of people a New Reading,—strangely enough, because it is the Old one and sacredly preserved by the Three After Folios,—but we believe that a little brow-holding will result in our Readers thinking it is the right Reading, and that the two New Sentences are better than the Old ones.

The second may be viewed thus :—

“Most noble, standing beside your dead body, *there*, with all *these*, its numerous wounds, streaming fast; if I had eyes, as many as these *gashes*, and if they ran tears, as rapidly as these are streaming blood, it would be liker what ought to be, than that I should be entering into a friendly bond with your assassins.”

This seems a fair paraphrase of the Second sentence, as it stands in the Original Edition, and the wounds beheld by Antony on the corse before him, appear naturally to suggest the language used by him; while, on the other side, the First loses nothing by the change, for surely the act of shaking the Murderers' bloody hands, is horrid enough in itself, and such an act, besides, from its nature, could only be in the presence or neighbourhood of the corse.

The Third Example we take from that Scene in the Tragedy where Cassius, in the house of Brutus, subtly and successfully influences him in the direction of joining the League of Conspirators. (We quote the Passage as it appears in Boydell's Edition.)

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd.

It is to the last two of these Lines, which are similarly printed in Six out of the Seven before-named Editions, that we would ask our readers' attention :—

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Now, has “so with love I might entreat you,” any meaning? Do our readers find aught of sense in it? If so, we fail to do it. True, there have been learned explanations and instances of the use of the Word “so” in strange connection, but, if we may be permitted a poor witticism, these have all appeared very “so so” to us. How then stands the line in the First Folio?

I would not so (with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd.

That is: “With love I beg that I may not, at this time, be any further influenced or excited, in *this* manner, or in *that* direction.” Surely that is clear to anybody, and a guarantee for its being the right arrangement of the line exists in the fact, that this, its Original Form, remained undisturbed for 110 years, till Theobald, in his Edition, threw it into the shape which has since been prevalent.

A Fourth Example of the effect which the deviating from the Original Punctuation by modern Editors has had on Shakspeare's Meaning, we take from Antony's eulogium of Brutus over his dead Body, near the conclusion of the Tragedy. (We quote the Passage as we find it in Craik's Edition.)

This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar :
He, only, in a generous honest thought
(An error: it should be “general.”)
Of common good to all, made one of them.

But He, only, in, &c., does not correspond with the Original Edition, where we find :—

He, only in a general honest thought, &c.

Not that he was the only one who did so, but that he was the one who only did it in that way. The Three After Folios and Rowe's Edition were faithful here, and Theobald (a frequent transgressor) has again the merit of introducing a New comma; a small enough creature indeed, but quite powerful enough to lead the mind aside from the Master's real thought.

We could multiply examples of this class, in which Deviations from the Original Punctuation changing the Meaning of the Text, are common to all, or nearly all the Seven Editions in our Table; but space is becoming rare with us, and we shall, therefore, leave this branch of our subject in the meantime, with this Remark: that, beside joining their companions in Errors of that kind, each of these Editions exhibits mischievous Deviations of its own. For instance, in Boydell's, we have "Hold my hand," instead of "hold, my hand,"—the one being just "catch my hand" as one would anything else, and the other being "stay, there's my hand," in honour, or as a pledge: as it is often used in Shakspeare: "hold, sirrah," "hold, there's expences for thee," or "hold, sir, heres my purse." In the Clarendon Press Edition we have:

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

The omission of the comma in the First Folio after "sacrifice" making the Priests do both the Altar and Message business. In Craik's we have:—

A word, Lucillius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.

instead of:—

A word Lucillius
How he received you: let me be resolv'd.

In Knight's we have:—

Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus
When grief, and blood ill tempered, vexeth him.

instead of:—

When grief and blood ill tempered, vexeth him.

And Cassells has:—

Now could I Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night,
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars,
 As doth the lion, in the Capitol:

But this with the comma after "lion," which is not in the First Folio, makes Cæsar roar in the Capitol, like the lion.

We have received a number of communications, from London and elsewhere, drawing attention to the fact, that not one of the Plays already published in this Edition is prefaced by a List of the Characters represented in it,—which is a mistake, for two of them, as we are about to shew, contain such a list,—and it is urged that "even if the First Folio, which it is such a boon to have faithfully reproduced, is innocent of such *Dramatis Personæ*, yet that it would be wiser to depart from the integrity of the Text so far only as to supply this defect, and supplement each Play with a List of the Characters represented in it." Were this done, it is said, "the Hamnet Edition of Shakspeare would not be liable to the charge of its present incompleteness." One of our most eminent Shaksperian Actresses and Public Readers, whose personification of two of his great characters, has never, to our knowledge, been equalled, writes: "It is quite a loss to your valuable Edition of Shakspeare,—*the most valuable I know*,—that the *Dramatis Personæ* has not a page devoted to them. I do believe that that omission will stand in the way of a grand and useful success."

We cannot, of course, but regret that favourable opinions like this, kindly transmitted to us by Actors, Teachers of Elocution, &c., shewing that the work is gradually finding its way into the proper hands, should be thought to require qualification to any degree. But the course laid down for the Edition, being to give the Plays, "According to the First Folio (Spelling Modernised)," we cannot depart from it, and think that the omission of the *Dramatis Personæ* referred to, can be so readily added to any of the Parts with the pen, that its not being printed can scarcely cause any serious inconvenience to parties using the Edition. Besides, the omission is not universal in the original. In connection with two of the Plays contained in it, *The Winter's Tale* and *Timon of Athens*, the First Folio gives "The Names of the Actors" (*we* would say, of the Characters, or Persons represented), and, accordingly, in our Reprints of that Comedy and Tragedy this will be found to have

been included; and in the 1623 Volume the following five works are similarly furnished: *The Tempest*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Measure for Measure*, *Henry the Fifth* and *Othello*, and if we live to publish them, these will likewise be so accompanied.

With our extreme anxiety and best care to produce each Play, identically as it was printed by "Isaac Jaggard, and Ed. Blount," faults included,—and more than a dozen successive proofs of some portions have been eagerly scrutinised, and much use made of the magnifying glass,—there still turn up deficiencies, the discovery of which is to us nothing less than startling. In the present Part, there are, so far as we can discover, eight differences. In the fourth last line of page 9, after "Crown offer'd him" there should be a semicolon instead of a colon. In the 19th line of page 55, after "such a case" there is a comma instead of a full-point. On page 73, in the line, "*Ant.* Where is he?" there has been missed the period after the name. It requires unusual watchfulness to reproduce errors correctly, and on page 64, 5th line from the foot, "Sleep again Lucius" should be "Sleep again Lucus," and in the 4th line of page 67 "sign of Battle" should be "sign of Battaile." The only important faults, however, as they touch the sense, are the following: In the 18th line of page 30 "and *the* great men shall press," should be "and *that* great men shall press";—in the 21st line of page 57, "and drop my blood *to* Drachmas," should be, "and drop my blood *for* Drachmas";—and at the foot of page 63, "Layest thou thy *Laden* Mace upon my Boy," should be "Layest thou thy *Leaden* Mace upon my Boy." If our readers will correct these eight differences with the pen, they will have, we believe, a reliable copy of this great Tragedy in its original form.

GREENOCK LIBRARY:

WATT MONUMENT.

Lines in Julius Caesar containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Second Folio (1632). (The page referred to in this and the following Lists applies to the present Edition, and Italic-Capitals distinguish what had been omitted, or added.)

I (as <i>Aneas</i> , our great Ancestor	Page 6
And that same <i>Eye</i> , whose bend doth awe the World	7
He is a great Observer, and he looks	9
And honest <i>Caska</i> , we have the <i>Falling</i> sickness	10
he desir'd their <i>Worships</i> to think it was	11
Will you sup with me to-Night, <i>Caska</i>	11
I will do so: till then, think of the <i>World</i>	12
Thy <i>Honourable</i> Mettle may be wrought	12
In several <i>Hands</i> , in at his <i>Windows</i> throw	12
Held up his left <i>Hand</i>	13
and yet his <i>Hand</i>	13
<i>For</i> he loves to hear	23
And <i>Friends</i> disperse your selves	24
Which like a <i>Fountain</i>	30
Unshak'd of <i>Motion</i>	36
Their <i>Infants</i> quartered with the hands of War	42
Into the <i>Market</i> place	43
as he was <i>Ambitious</i> , I slew him	44
and <i>Death</i> , for his <i>Ambition</i>	44
<i>Will</i> you stay a-while?	47
<i>For</i> I am <i>Arm'd</i> so strong in <i>Honesty</i>	57
<i>By</i> <i>Heaven</i> , I had rather <i>Coin</i> my <i>Heart</i>	57
To lock such <i>Rascal</i> Counters from his <i>Friends</i>	57
Be ready <i>Gods</i> with all your <i>Thunder-bolts</i>	57
A <i>Friend</i> should bear his <i>Friends</i> infirmities	57
A <i>Flatterer's</i> would not	58
brav'd by his <i>Brother</i>	58
Within, a <i>Heart</i>	58
I that deny'd thee <i>Gold</i> , will give my <i>Heart</i>	58
<i>For</i> I know	58
Do what you will, <i>Dishonor</i> , shall be <i>Humour</i>	58

shews a hasty Spark	Page	58
Love, and be Friends	"	59
Saucy Fellow, hence	"	59
these Jigging Fools	"	59
O ye immortal Gods	"	60
That we have tried the utmost of our Friends	"	62
Good night good Brother	"	62
Where is thy Instrument	"	62
And touch thy Instrument a strain or two	"	63
thou break'st thy Instrument	"	64
Art thou some God	"	64
He thinks he still is at his Instrument	"	64
Sirra Claudio, Fellow	"	64
Go, and commend me to my Brother Cassius	"	65
But keep the Hills and upper Regions	"	65
Upon the left hand of the even Field	"	65
Make forth, the Generals would have some words	"	66
Crying long live, Hail Caesar	"	66
And fawn'd like Hounds	"	66
O you Flatterers	"	66
A peevish School-boy, worthless of such Honour	"	67
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field	"	67
Why now blow wind, swell Billow	"	67
What says my General	"	67
And his Opinion	"	67
The Gods to day stand friendly	"	68
This Hill is far enough	"	69
Whether yond Troops, are Friend or Enemy	"	70
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field	"	70
This day I breathed first, Time is come round	"	70
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spur	"	70
To see my best Friend ta'en before my face	"	70
Now be a Free-man	"	70
With Pindarus his Bondman, on this Hill	"	71
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they	"	72
Put on my Brows this wreath of Victory	"	72
By your leave Gods	"	72
Thy Spirit walks abroad	"	72
His Funerals shall not be in our Camp	"	72

We shall try <i>Fortune</i> in a second fight	Page	72
A foe to Tyrants, and my Country's <i>Friend</i>	„	73
<i>Brutus</i> my Country's <i>Friend</i>	„	73
Such men my <i>Friends</i> , than <i>Enemies</i>	„	73
Thou see'st the <i>World</i> , <i>Volumnius</i> , how it goes	„	74
Thou art a <i>Fellow</i> of a good respect	„	75
Thy life hath had some smatch of <i>Honor</i> in it	„	75
And no man else hath <i>Honor</i> by his death	„	75
With all <i>Respect</i> , and <i>Rites</i> of <i>Burial</i>	„	76
Most like a <i>Soldier</i> ordered <i>Honorably</i>	„	76
So call the <i>Field</i> to rest	„	76

Lines in Julius Caesar containing Words shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Second Folio (1632).

Over your <i>Friend</i> , that <i>Loves</i> you	Page	4
Therein, ye <i>Gods</i> , you make the <i>Weak</i> most strong	„	15

Lines in Julius Caesar containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Third Folio (1664).

Where is thy <i>Leather Apron</i> , and thy <i>Rule</i>	Page	1
What dost thou with thy best <i>Apparel</i> on	„	1
Truly <i>Sir</i> , in respect of a fine <i>Workman</i>	„	1
<i>Answer</i> me directly	„	1
a <i>Mender</i> of bad souls	„	1
To grace in <i>Captive</i> bonds his <i>Chariot Wheels</i>	„	2
That needs must light on this <i>Ingratitude</i>	„	2
But let not therefore my good <i>Friends</i> be griev'd	„	4
Tell me good <i>Brutus</i> , Can you see your face	„	5
And groaning underneath this <i>Ages</i> yoke	„	5
Or if you know	„	5
I do fear, the <i>People</i> choose <i>Cæsar</i>	„	5
Set <i>Honour</i> in one eye, and <i>Death</i> i' th'other	„	6
In awe of such a <i>Thing</i> , as I my self	„	6
Dar'st thou <i>Cassius</i> now	„	6
Ay, and that <i>Tongue</i> of his, that bad the <i>Romans</i>	„	7
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of <i>Noble Bloods</i>	„	7
That her wide <i>Walks</i> incompast but one man	„	7

And all the rest, look like a childen <i>Train</i>	Page	8
'Tis very like he hath the <i>Falling</i> sickness	"	10
Will you <i>Dine</i> with me to morrow	"	11
and your <i>Dinner</i> worth the eating	"	11
Of any bold, or <i>Noble</i> Enterprise	"	11
This Rudeness is a Sauce to his good <i>Wit</i>	"	11
I will this <i>Night</i>	"	12
in at his <i>Windows</i> throw	"	12
<i>Cæsars</i> Ambition shall be glanced at	"	12
when the scolding <i>Winds</i>	"	12
But never till to <i>Night</i>	"	12
Either there is a Civil strife in <i>Heaven</i>	"	12
Or else the <i>World</i>	"	12
Upon a heap, a hundred gastly <i>Women</i>	"	13
<i>Caska</i> , by your <i>Voice</i>	"	13
<i>Cassius</i> , what <i>Night</i> is this	"	13
A very pleasing <i>Night</i> to honest men	"	13
Why all these <i>Fires</i> , why all these gliding <i>Ghosts</i>	"	14
To make them <i>Instruments</i> of fear, and warning	"	14
Our yoke, and sufferance, shew us <i>Womanish</i>	"	15
<i>Cassius</i> from <i>Bondage</i> will deliver <i>Cassius</i>	"	15
If I know this, know all the <i>World</i> besides	"	15
Hold, my <i>Hand</i>	"	15
To under-go, with me, an <i>Enterprise</i>	"	16
Is Favors, like the <i>Work</i> we have in hand	"	16
Good <i>Cinna</i> , take this <i>Paper</i>	"	16
set this up with <i>Wax</i>	"	16
And so bestow these <i>Papers</i> as you bad me	"	17
O, he sits high in all the <i>Peoples</i> hearts	"	17
And that which would appear <i>Offence</i> in us	"	17
And then I grant we put a <i>Sting</i> in him	"	18
Remorse from <i>Power</i>	"	18
I have not known, when his <i>Affections</i> sway'd	"	18
Whereto the Climber upward turns his <i>Face</i>	"	18
He then unto the Ladder turns his <i>Back</i>	"	18
And since the <i>Quarrel</i>	"	18
Searching the <i>Window</i> for a <i>Flint</i>	"	18
It did not lie there when I went to <i>Bed</i>	"	18
Get you to <i>Bed</i> again	"	18

The <i>Genius</i> , and the mortal <i>Instruments</i>	Page	19
The nature of an <i>Insurrection</i>	„	19
Sir, 'tis your <i>Brother Cassius</i> at the <i>Door</i>	„	19
No, Sir, their <i>Hats</i> are pluckt about their <i>Ears</i>	„	19
Here lies the <i>East</i> : doth not the <i>Day</i> break here	„	20
And let us swear our <i>Resolution</i>	„	21
The sufferance of our <i>Souls</i> , the time's <i>Abuse</i>	„	21
Swear <i>Priests</i> and <i>Cowards</i> , and men <i>Cautelous</i>	„	21
Old feeble <i>Carrions</i> , and such suffering <i>Souls</i>	„	21
But all be buried in his <i>Gravity</i>	„	22
Like <i>Wrath</i> in death, and <i>Envy</i> afterwards	„	22
Let's kill him <i>Boldly</i> , but not <i>Wrathfully</i>	„	22
And let our <i>Hearts</i> , as subtle <i>Masters</i> do	„	22
Stir up their <i>Servants</i> to an act of <i>Rage</i>	„	22
Our purpose <i>Necessary</i> , and not <i>Envious</i>	„	22
For he is <i>Superstitious</i> grown of late	„	23
The unaccustom'd <i>Terror</i> of this night	„	23
That <i>Unicorns</i> may be betray'd with <i>Trees</i>	„	23
With untir'd <i>Spirits</i> , and formal <i>Constancy</i>	„	24
Enjoy the honey-heavy- <i>Dew</i> of <i>Slumber</i>	„	24
You have some sick <i>Offence</i> within your mind	„	25
Within tho <i>Bond</i> of <i>Marriage</i>	„	26
Am I your <i>Self</i>	„	26
To keep with you at <i>Meals</i>	„	26
<i>Portia</i> is <i>Brutus</i> Harlot, not his <i>Wife</i>	„	26
You are my true and honourable <i>Wife</i>	„	26
I grant I am a <i>Woman</i> ; but withal	„	26
A <i>Woman</i> that Lord <i>Brutus</i> took to <i>Wife</i>	„	26
I grant I am a <i>Woman</i> ; but withal	„	26
A <i>Woman</i> well reputed	„	26
Render me worthy of this Noble <i>Wife</i>	„	26
The secrets of my <i>Heart</i>	„	26
Brave Son, deriv'd from <i>Honourable Loins</i>	„	27
Fierce fiery <i>Warriors</i> fight upon the <i>Clouds</i>	„	28
In <i>Ranks</i> and <i>Squadrons</i> , and right form of <i>War</i>	„	28
Of all the <i>Wonders</i> that I yet have heard	„	28
The cause is in my <i>Will</i> , I will not come	„	30
This <i>Dream</i> is all amiss interpreted	„	30
This by <i>Calphurnia's Dream</i> is signified	„	30

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There is no fellow in the Firmament	Page	36
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine	„	36
So, in the World; 'Tis furnished well with Men	„	36
And Men are Flesh and Blood	„	36
Yet in the number, I do know but One	„	36
That unassailable holds on his Rank	„	36
Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus	„	36
Et Tu Brutè	„	36
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets	„	36
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement	„	36
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid	„	36
Fled to his House amaz'd	„	37
Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit	„	37
So are we <i>Cæsars</i> Friends	„	37
And waving our red Weapons o'er our heads	„	37
and by my Honour	„	38
nor no Instrument	„	39
With the most Noble blood of all this World	„	39
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age	„	39
Yet see you but our hands	„	39
The Multitude, beside themselves with fear	„	39
I doubt not of your Wisdom	„	39
Alas, what shall I say	„	40
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer	„	40
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes	„	40
In terms of Friendship with thine enemies	„	40
here was't thou bay'd brave Hart	„	40
Squid in thy Spoil	„	40
O World! thou wast the Forest to this Hart	„	40
And thou indeed, O World, the Hart of thee	„	40
The Enemies of Cæsar, shall say this	„	40
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Majesty	„	40
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends	„	40
Or else were this a savage Spectacle	„	40
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend	„	41
Spoke in the Order of his Funeral	„	41
You know not what you do: Do not consent	„	41
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood	„	42
O'er thy wound, now do I prophesy	„	42

(Which like dumb mouths do ope their Ruby lips	Page	42
To beg the voice and utterance of my Tongue	„	42
Domestic Fury, and fierce Civil strife	„	42
And dreadful Objects so familiar	„	42
In my Oration, how the People take	„	43
Believe me for mine Honour	„	43
that you may the better Judge	„	43
any dear Friend of Cæsars	„	43
as he was Valiant, I honour him	„	44
Here comes his Body, mourn'd by Mark Antony	„	44
If it were so, it was a grievous Fault	„	45
(For Brutus is an Honourable man	„	45
So are they all ; all Honourable men)	„	45
Come I to speak in Cæsar's Funeral	„	45
Have stood against the World	„	46
Your hearts and minds to Mutiny and Rage	„	46
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood	„	47
And let me shew you him that made the Will	„	47
'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent	„	48
They are Wise, and Honourable	„	49
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you	„	49
That love my Friend	„	49
Action, nor Utterance, nor the power of Speech	„	49
The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny	„	49
Are you a married man, or a Bachelor	„	51
Am I a married man, or a Bachelor	„	51
wisely I say, I am a Bachelor	„	51
Some to Decius Houses	„	51
The three-fold World divided, he should stand	„	52
And though we lay these Honours on this man	„	52
And having brought our Treasure	„	52
Then take we down his Load	„	52
A hot Friend, cooling	„	54
And I will give you Audience	„	55
For taking Bribes here of the Sardians	„	55
The name of Cassius Honours	„	55
What? Shall one of Us	„	55
That struck the Foremost man of all this World	„	55
Older in practice, Abler than yourself	„	56

Under your <i>Testy Humour</i>	Page	56
the <i>Venom</i> of your <i>Spleen</i>	„	56
Though it do <i>Split</i> you	„	56
When you are <i>Waspish</i>	„	56
Do not presume too much upon my <i>Love</i>	„	57
For I am <i>Arm'd</i> so strong in <i>Honesty</i>	„	57
By <i>Heaven</i> , I had rather <i>Coin</i> my <i>Heart</i>	„	57
When <i>Marcus Brutus</i> grows so <i>Covetous</i>	„	57
For <i>Cassius</i> is a-weary of the <i>World</i>	„	58
That carries <i>Anger</i> , as the <i>Flint</i> bears <i>fire</i>	„	58
these <i>Jigging Fools</i>	„	59
Enter <i>Boy</i> with <i>Wine</i> , and <i>Tapers</i>	„	60
<i>Bending</i> their <i>Expedition</i> toward <i>Philippi</i>	„	60
My self have <i>Letters</i> of the self-same <i>Tenure</i>	„	60
Why farewell <i>Portia</i> ; We must die <i>Messala</i>	„	61
'Tis better that the <i>Enemy</i> seek us	„	61
Hear me good <i>Brother</i>	„	61
Or lose our <i>Ventures</i>	„	62
O my dear <i>Brother</i>	„	62
On business to my <i>Brother Cassius</i>	„	63
I will it not have it so : <i>Lie</i> down good sirs	„	63
Bear with me good <i>Boy</i> , I am much forgetful	„	63
O <i>Murd'rous</i> slumber	„	63
Layest thou thy <i>Leaden Mace</i> upon my <i>Boy</i>	„	63
and (good <i>Boy</i>) good night	„	64
Thou : <i>Awake</i>	„	64
Bid him set on his <i>Powers</i> betimes before	„	65
But keep the <i>Hills</i> and upper <i>Regions</i>	„	65
And bow'd like <i>Bondmen</i> , kissing <i>Cesars</i> feet	„	66
Upon one <i>Battle</i> all our <i>Liberties</i>	„	67
You are contented to be led in <i>Triumph</i>	„	68
<i>Friends</i> I owe no tears	„	72
And come young <i>Cato</i> , let us to the <i>Field</i>	„	72
I will proclaim my name about the <i>Field</i>	„	73
Here comes the <i>General</i>	„	73
I dare assure thee, that no <i>Enemy</i>	„	73
The <i>Gods</i> defend him from so great a shame	„	73
Such men my <i>Friends</i> , than <i>Enemies</i>	„	73
What I, my <i>Lord</i> ? No, not for all the <i>World</i>	„	74

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Two several times by <i>Night</i>	Page	74
And this last <i>Night</i>	„	74
Our <i>Enemies</i> have beat us to the Pit	„	74
Thou know'st, that we two went to School together	„	74
That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord	„	75
my <i>Bones</i> would rest	„	75

Lines in Julius Cæsar containing Words shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Third Folio (1664).

I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old Shoes	Page	1
Pray to the Gods to intermit the <i>Plague</i>	„	2
To stale with ordinary Oaths my <i>Love</i>	„	5
You pull'd me by the <i>Cloak</i>	„	9
When the most <i>Mighty</i> Gods, by tokens send	„	14
The power to Cancel his Captivity	„	15
How that might change his <i>Nature</i>	„	17
For in the ingrafted <i>Love</i> he bears to <i>Cæsar</i>	„	23
The unaccustom'd Terror of this <i>Night</i>	„	23
The <i>Morning</i> comes upon's	„	24
Stole from my <i>Bed</i>	„	24
Plucking the <i>Entrails</i> of an Offering forth	„	29
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this <i>Coarse</i>	„	43
when it shall please my Country to need my <i>Death</i>	„	44
See what a <i>Rent</i> the envious <i>Caska</i> made	„	48
They that have done this Deed, are <i>Honourable</i>	„	49
Tear him for his bad <i>Verses</i>	„	51
Have added <i>Slaughter</i> to the Sword of Traitors	„	67
<i>Cæsar</i> , Thou canst not die by Traitors hands	„	67
Look where he have not Crown'd dead <i>Cassius</i>	„	72

Lines in Julius Cæsar containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Fourth Folio (1685).

Mend me, thou saucy <i>Fellow</i>	Page	1
You <i>Blocks</i> , you stones	„	2
The <i>Barren</i> touched in this holy chace	„	3
I hear a <i>Tongue</i> shriller than all the Music	„	3

Be not deceived: <i>If</i> I have veil'd my look	Page	4
That you have no such <i>Mirrors</i> , as will turn	„	5
So well as by <i>Reflection</i>	„	5
<i>If</i> the tag-rag people did not clap him	„	10
Nor <i>Stony Tower</i> , nor <i>Walls</i> of beaten <i>Brass</i>	„	15
But oh <i>Grief</i>	„	15
for now this fearful <i>Night</i>	„	16
What watchful <i>Cares</i> do interpose themselves	„	20
No, not an <i>Oath</i> ; if not the <i>Face</i> of men	„	21
If these be <i>Motives</i> weak	„	21
That every <i>Roman</i> bears, and <i>Nobly</i> bears	„	21
O let us have him, for his <i>Silver</i> hairs	„	22
Quite from the main <i>Opinion</i> he held once	„	23
Boy: <i>Lucius</i> : <i>Fast</i> asleep	„	24
Is it excepted, I should know no <i>Secrets</i>	„	26
<i>Cæsar</i> should be a <i>Beast</i> without a heart	„	29
Have I in <i>Conquest</i> stretcht mine <i>Arm</i> so far	„	29
See, <i>Antony</i> that <i>Revels</i> long a-nights	„	31
So to most <i>Noble Cæsar</i>	„	31
Come hither <i>Fellow</i> , which way hast thou been	„	32
Stand fast together, lest some <i>Friend</i> of <i>Cæsar</i>	„	36
Rushing on us, should do your <i>Age</i> some mischief	„	37
Grant that, and then is <i>Death</i> a <i>Benefit</i>	„	37
<i>Stoop</i> <i>Romans</i> , stoop	„	37
How many <i>Ages</i> hence	„	37
The <i>Men</i> that gave their <i>Country</i> liberty	„	37
<i>Brutus</i> is <i>Noble</i> , <i>Wise</i> , <i>Valiant</i> , and <i>Honest</i>	„	38
Our <i>Reasons</i> are so full of good regard	„	41
And <i>Cæsars</i> <i>Spirit</i> ranging for <i>Revenge</i>	„	42
With <i>Carrion</i> men, groaning for <i>Burial</i>	„	42
Then follow me, and give me <i>Audience</i> friends	„	43
<i>Censure</i> me in your <i>Wisdom</i>	„	43
as he was <i>Fortunate</i> , I rejoice at it	„	44
I pause for a <i>Reply</i>	„	44
Shall be <i>Crown'd</i> in <i>Brutus</i>	„	44
We'll bring him to his <i>House</i>	„	44
Hath told you <i>Cæsar</i> was <i>Ambitious</i>	„	45
So are they all; all <i>Honourable</i> men	„	45
But <i>Brutus</i> says, he was <i>Ambitious</i>	„	45

Did this in <i>Cæsar</i> seem Ambitious	Page	46
Yet <i>Brutus</i> says, he was Ambitious	„	46
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not Ambitious	„	46
There's not a Nobler man in Rome than <i>Antony</i>	„	46
Your hearts and minds to Mutiny and Rage	„	46
<i>Brutus</i> my Countries Friend: Know me for <i>Brutus</i>	„	73

Lines in Julius Cæsar containing Words shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Fourth Folio (1685).

What Trade thou Knave? Thou naughty Knave	Page	1
Truly Sir, to wear out their Shoes	„	2
To grace in Captive Bonds his Chariot Wheels	„	2
Run to your Houses	„	2
Than that poor <i>Brutus</i> with himself at War	„	4
The name of Honour more than I fear Death	„	6
so, from the Waves of Tiber	„	6
So get the start of the Majestic World	„	7
Why man, he doth bestride the narrow World	„	7
Walk under his huge Legs	„	7
But in our Selves, that we are Underlings	„	7
Why should that name be sounded more than Yours	„	7
Looks with such Ferret, and such fiery Eyes	„	8
Come on my right hand, for this Ear is deaf	„	9
he was very loath to lay his Fingers off it	„	10
threw up their sweaty Night-Caps	„	10
So is he now, in Execution	„	11
Can be retentive to the strength of Spirit	„	15
But Life being weary of these Worldly Bars	„	15
He is a Friend. <i>Cinna</i> , where haste you so	„	16
To seek you at your House	„	17
See <i>Brutus</i> at his House	„	17
And therefore think him as a Serpents Egg	„	18
Is not to Morrow (Boy) the first of March	„	18
We all stand up against the Spirit of <i>Cæsar</i>	„	22
Lions with Toils, and Men with Flatterers	„	23
Which busy care draws, in the Brains of men	„	24
Your weak condition, to the raw cold Morning	„	24

Why so I do: good <i>Portia</i> go to Bed	Page 25
And will he steal out of his wholesome Bed	25
Had you a healthful Ear to hear of it	27
Enter <i>Julius Cæsar</i> in his Night-Gown	27
Yet <i>Cæsar</i> shall go forth: For these Predictions	28
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this	30
<i>Cæsar</i> was ne'er so much your <i>Enemy</i>	31
Good Friends go in, and taste some <i>Wine</i> with me	31
To know my Errand Madam	32
What is't a Clock	33
The heart of Woman is	33
I wish your <i>Enterprise</i> to day may thrive	34
What <i>Enterprise</i> <i>Popilius</i>	34
He wisht to day our <i>Enterprise</i> might thrive	34
To think that <i>Cæsar</i> bears such Rebel Blood	35
Thy Brother by Decree is banished	35
To sound more sweetly in great <i>Cæsars</i> Ear	35
There is no harm intended to your Person	36
And leave us <i>Publius</i> , lest that the People	37
Then walk we forth, even to the Market Place	37
In terms of Friendship with thine <i>Enemies</i>	40
Produce his Body to the Market-place	41
Prepare the Body then, and follow us	41
<i>Cassius</i> go you into the other Street	43
hear me for my Cause	43
I say, That <i>Brutus</i> love to <i>Cæsar</i>	43
this is my Answer	43
a Place in the Commonwealth	44
With this I depart, That as I slew my best Lover	44
Let him go up into the Public Chair	45
The Good is oft interred with their Bones	45
But <i>Brutus</i> says He was Ambitious	45
Ambition should be made of sterner Stuff	46
O Judgment! thou art fled to Brutish Beasts	46
Methinks there is much reason in his Sayings	46
Poor Soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping	46
And they would go and kiss dead <i>Cæsars</i> Wounds	47
As rushing out of Doors, to be resolv'd	48
O piteous Spectacle	48

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For I have neither Wit	Page 49
Shew you sweet <i>Cæsars</i> Wounds	„ 49
We'll burn the <i>House of Brutus</i>	„ 49
Most Noble <i>Cæsar</i> , we'll revenge his <i>Death</i>	„ 50
And to your <i>Heirs</i> for ever	„ 50
And with the Brands fire the <i>Traitors Houses</i>	„ 50
He and <i>Lepidus</i> are at <i>Cæsars House</i>	„ 50
I dreamt to <i>Night</i> , that I did feast with <i>Cæsar</i>	„ 51
I have no will to wander forth of <i>Doors</i>	„ 51
What is your <i>Name</i>	„ 51
Are you a <i>Married Man</i> , or a <i>Bachelor</i>	„ 51
they are <i>Fools</i> that <i>Marry</i>	„ 51
As a <i>Friend</i>	„ 51
For your <i>Dwelling</i> : briefly	„ 51
Your <i>Name</i> Sir, truly	„ 51
Truly, my <i>Name</i> is <i>Cinna</i>	„ 51
It is no matter, his <i>Name's Cinna</i>	„ 51
These many then shall die, their <i>Names</i> are prickt	„ 52
Who is your <i>Sisters Son</i> , <i>Mark Antony</i>	„ 52
But <i>Lepidus</i> , go you to <i>Cæsars House</i>	„ 52
And took his <i>Voice</i> who should be prickt to die	„ 52
(Like to the empty <i>Ass</i>) to shake his <i>Ears</i>	„ 52
They mean this <i>Night</i> in <i>Sardis</i> to be quarter'd	„ 54
Before the <i>Eyes</i> of both our <i>Armies</i> here	„ 55
Let <i>Lucius</i> and <i>Titinius</i> guard our <i>Door</i>	„ 55
What Villain touch'd his <i>Body</i>	„ 55
Contaminate our <i>Fingers</i>	„ 56
A <i>Friendly Eye</i> could never see such faults	„ 58
Check'd like a <i>Bondman</i>	„ 58
Set in a <i>Note-Book</i>	„ 58
My <i>Spirit</i> from mine <i>Eyes</i>	„ 58
Nothing but <i>Death</i> shall stay me	„ 59
Get you hence <i>Sirrah</i>	„ 59
Prepare to lodge their <i>Companies</i> to <i>Night</i>	„ 59
<i>Lucius</i> , a <i>Bowl</i> of <i>Wine</i>	„ 59
That by <i>Proscription</i> , and <i>Bills</i> of <i>Outlawry</i>	„ 60
Have put to <i>Death</i> , an hundred <i>Senators</i>	„ 60
Had you your <i>Letters</i> from your <i>Wife</i> , my <i>Lord</i>	„ 61
Under your <i>Pardon</i>	„ 62

Omitted, all the Voyage of their life	Page 62
Early to <i>Morrow</i> will we rise, and hence	62
This was an ill beginning of the <i>Night</i>	62
Never come such division 'tween our Souls	62
Good <i>Night</i> my Lord	62
Good <i>Night</i> good Brother	62
Good <i>Night</i> Lord <i>Brutus</i>	62
Poor <i>Knave</i> I blame thee not	63
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THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain Commoners over the Stage.

Flavius. Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanical) you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparel on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as
you would say, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use, with a safe Con-
science, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad souls.

Fla. What Trade thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what
Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you
be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy
Fellow?

Cob. Why Sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is with the Awl: I meddle
with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal
I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shoes: when they are in
great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon
Neats Leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'st thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to wear out their shoes, to get my self into more work. But indeed sir, we make Holiday to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoice?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheels?
You Blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things:
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Tow'rs and Windows? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sate
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an Universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a Holiday?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over *Pompey's* blood?
Be gone,
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the Channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness:
Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
If you do find them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercal.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæsars* Trophies: I'll about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsars* wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. *Exeunt*

*Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius,
Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them
Murellus and Flavius.*

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Calp. Here my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed *Antonio*,
To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,
The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember,
When *Cæsar* says, Do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Sooth. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Ha? Who calls?

Cask. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a Tongue shriller than all the Music

Cry, *Cæsar* : Speak, *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What sayst thou to me now ? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him : Pass.

Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brut. and Cass.

Cassi. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Brut. Not I.

Cassi. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamesome : I do lack some part

Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony* :

Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires ;

I'll leave you.

Cassi. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late :

I have not from your eyes, that gentleness

And shew of Love, as I was wont to have :

You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand

Over your Friend, that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius*,

Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my Countenance

Merely upon my self. Vexed I am

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to my self,

Which give some soil (perhaps) to my Behaviours :

But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd

(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Than that poor *Brutus* with himself at war,

Forgets the shews of Love to other men.

Cassi. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,

By means whereof, this Breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.

Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face?

Brutus. No *Cassius*:

For the eye sees not it self but by reflection,
By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just,

And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:
I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Ages yoke,
Have wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Lead me *Cassius*?

That you would have me seek into my self,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear:
And since you know, you cannot see your self
So well as by Reflection; I your Glass,
Will modestly discover to your self
That of your self, which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common Laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oaths my love
To every new Protester: if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them: Or if you know,
That I profess my self in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What means this Shouting?
I do fear, the People choose *Cæsar*
For their King.

Cassi. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not *Cassius*, yet I love him well:
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
 What is it, that you would impart to me?
 If it be ought toward the general good,
 Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th'other,
 And I will look on both indifferently:
 For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of Honour, more than I fear death.

Cassi. I know that virtue to be in you *Brutus*,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, Honour is the subject of my Story:
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Think of this life: But for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a Thing, as I my self.
 I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you,
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a Raw and Gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæsar said to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
 Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
 And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bad him follow: so indeed he did.
 The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of Controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.
 I (as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear) so, from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired *Cæsar*: And this Man,
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.

He had a Fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'Tis true, this God did shake,
 His Coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
 Did lose his Lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
 Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
 Alas, it cried, Give me some drink *Titinius*,
 As a sick Girl : Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the Majestic world,
 And bear the Palm alone. *Shout.* *Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout?

I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new Honours, that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find our selves dishonourable Graves.
 Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.
 The fault (dear *Brutus*) is not in our Stars,
 But in our Selves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæsar* : What should be in that *Cæsar*?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours
 Write them together : Yours, is as fair a Name :
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell :
 Weigh them, it is as heavy : Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.
 Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd.
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
 When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide Walks encompass but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and Room enough
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O ! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal Devil to keep his State in Rome,
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
 What you would work me to, I have some aim :
 How I have thought of this, and of these times
 I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
 I would not so (with love I might entreat you)
 Be any further mov'd: What you have said,
 I will consider: what you have to say
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this :
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
 Than to repute himself a Son of Rome
 Under these hard Conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cassi. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done,
 And *Cæsar* is returning.

Cassi. As they pass by
 Pluck *Caska* by the Sleeve,
 And he will (after his sour fashion) tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so: but look you *Cassius*,
 The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsars* brow,
 And all the rest, look like a chidden Train;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
 Looks with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
 As we have seen him in the Capitol
 Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.

Cassi. *Caska* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a'nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter; But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much,
He is a great Observer, and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves no Plays,
As thou dost *Antony*: he hears no Music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be never at hearts ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear: for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

Sennit

Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloak, would you speak with
me?

Bru. Ay *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why there was a Crown offer'd him: and being
offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and
then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Cask. Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbours shouted.

Cassi. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Cask. Why *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Caska. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was mere Foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown, yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by, and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty Night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crown, that it had (almost) choked *Cæsar*: for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad Air.

Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did *Cæsar* swoond?

Cask. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sickness.

Cassi. No, *Cæsar* hath it not: but you, and I, And honest *Caska*, we have the Falling sickness.

Cask. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Cask Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common Herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me

ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had been a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues, and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four Wenchs where I stood, cried, Alas good Soul, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would have done no less.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cask. Ay.

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th'face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: *Murrellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarfs off *Cæsars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassi. Will you sup with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Do so: farewell both.

Exit.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to School.

Cassi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprise,
How-ever he puts on this tardy form:
This Rudeness is a Sauce to his good Wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:
For this time I will leave you:

To morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you : or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassi. I will do so: till then, think of the World.

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see,
Thy Honourable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble minds keep ever with their likes :
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me. I will this Night,
In several Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from several Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Cæsars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, *Caska*: brought you *Cæsar* home?

Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,
I have seen Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd the knotty Oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds :
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I go through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Either there is a Civil strife in Heaven,
Or else the World, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cask. A common slave, you know him well by sight,

Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty Torches join'd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, I ha'not since put up my Sword,
Against the Capitol I met a Lion,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred gastly Women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noon-day, upon the Market place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these Prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Natural:
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to morrow?

Cask He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*:
This disturbed Sky is not to walk in.

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there?

Cask. A Roman.

Cassi. *Caska*, by your Voice.

Cask. Your Ear is good.

Cassius, what Night is this?

Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Cassi. Those that have known the Earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous Night;
And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue Lightning seem'd to open
The Breast of Heaven, I did present my self
Even in the aim, and very flash of it.

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heavens?
It is the part of men, to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadful Heralds, to astonish us.

Cassi. You are dull, *Caska*:
And those sparks of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You do want, or else you use not.
You look pale, and gaze, and put on fear,
And cast your self in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kind,
Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous quality; why you shall find,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous State.
Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roars,
As doth the Lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thy self, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean:
Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have Thewes, and Limbs, like to their Ancestors;

But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoke, and sufferance, shew us Womanish.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassi. I know where I will wear this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliver *Cassius*:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat.
Nor Stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
Nor air-less Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But Life being weary of these worldly Bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss it self.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

Cask. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his Captivity.
Cassi. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheep:
He were no Lion, were not Romans Hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What trash is Rome?
What Rubbish, and what Offal? when it serves
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But oh Grief,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speak this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You speak to *Caska*, and to such a man,
That is no flaring Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:

Be factious for redress of all these Griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cassi. There's a Bargain made.

Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the Noblest minded Romans
To under-go, with me, an Enterprise,
Of Honourable dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompeys* Porch: for now this fearful Night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favors, like the Work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cassi. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cinna. To find out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cymbber*?

Cassi. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?

Cinna. I am glad on't.

What a fearful Night is this?

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassi. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,
If you could but win the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——

Cassi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætors Chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this up with Wax
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompeys* Porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymbber*, and he's gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

Cassi. That done, repair to *Pompeys* Theatre. *Exit Cinna.*
Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appear Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymy,
Will change to Virtue, and to Worthiness.

Cassi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us go,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, ho?
I cannot, by the progress of the Stars,
Give guess how near to day—*Lucius*, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, I say: what *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you my Lord?

Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.

Exit.

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause, to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question?

It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
 And that craves vary walking: Crown him that,
 And then I grant we put a Sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 Th'abuse of Greatness, is, when it dis-joins
 Remorse from Power: And to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
 I have not known, when his Affections sway'd
 More than his Reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That Lowliness is young Ambitions Ladder,
 Whereto the Climber upward turns his Face:
 But when he once attains the upmost Round,
 He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
 Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may;
 Then lest he may, prevent. And since the Quarrel
 Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a Serpents egg,
 Which hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
 Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
 This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to Bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed again, it is not day:
 Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Look in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

Exit.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

Opens the Letter, and reads.

Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy self:

Shall Rome, &c. speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up:

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.

Speak, strike, redress. Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Knock within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the *Interim* is

Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dream:

The *Genius*, and the mortal Instruments

Are then in council; and the state of a man,

Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Brut. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Ears,

And half their Faces buried in their Cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them,

By any mark of favour.

Brut. Let 'em enter:

They are the Faction. O Conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracy,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus,
and Trebonius.*

Cass. I think we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Brut. I have been up this hour, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your self,
Which every Noble Roman bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus Cymber*.

Brut. They are all welcome.

What watchful Cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word?

They whisper.

Decius. Here lies the East: doth not the Day break here?

Cask. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cask. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my Sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weighing the youthful Season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Souls, the times Abuse;
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) bear fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other Bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Than Honesty to Honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Swear Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Souls
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad causes, swear
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our Enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that or our Cause, or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and Nobly bears
Is guilty of a several Bastardy,
If he do break the smallest Particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cask. Let us not leave him out.

Cyn. No, by no means.

Julius I am a very man, for as other men
 Will purchase is a good opinion,
 And my men twice to conquer me need:
 It shall be said as thouest will, my friends,
 For you and youness shall be with me
 But all be in my secret.

Bru. I have not as is not think with you.
 For he will never allow any thing
 That other men say.

Ant. Then leave him and.

Caes. Indeed, he is not in.

Julius Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?

Ant. *Julius* well say it: I think it is not best.

Mark Antony, so well know I of Caesar.

Should not live Caesar: we shall kill it him.

A shrew I conceive. And you know, his mens

If he improve them, may well stretch as far

As to money is all: which to prevent.

Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem not bloody. *Julius* Cassius,

To cut the Head off, and then back the Limbs:

Like Witch in Jessu, and Envy afterwards:

For Antony is but a Limb of Caesar.

Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caesar:

We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,

And in the Spirit of men, where is no ghost:

O that we then could come by Caesar's Spirit,

And not dismember Caesar: But alas!

Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wastfully:

Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods.

Not hew him as a Carcase fit for Hounds:

And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,

Mix up their Servants to an act of Rage,

And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.

Which is appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him :
For he can do no more than *Cæsars* Arm,
When *Cæsars* head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar*.

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him :
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for *Cæsar*,
And that were much he should : for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clock.

Cas. The Clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cass But it is doubtful yet,
Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no :
For he is Superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasy, of Dreams, and Ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent Prodigies,
The unaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Decius. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can ore-sway him: For he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toils, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us, be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eight hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's:
We'll leave you *Brutus*,
And Friends disperse your selves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true Romans.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman Actors do,
With untir'd Spirits, and formal Constancy,
And so good morrow to you every one. *Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
Which busy care draws, in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord.

Bru. *Portia*: What mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms a-cross:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me, with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick? And is it Physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank Morning? What, is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurged Air,
To add unto his sickness? No my *Brutus*,
You have some sick Offence within your mind,
Which by the Right and Virtue of my place
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vows of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self; your half
Why you are heavy: and what men to night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.

Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your Self,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keep with you at Meals, comfort your Bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my Constancy,
Giving my self a voluntary wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will construe to thee,
All the Charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with hast. *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out brave *Caius*
To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome,
Brave Son, deriv'd from Honourable Loins,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work,
That will make sick men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Thunder.

Bru. Follow me then.

Exeunt

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-gown.

Cæsar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have been at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho: They murder *Cæsar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Success.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Cæsar*? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back: When they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Calp. *Cæsar*, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch.
A Lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriors fight upon the Clouds
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of War
Which drizzl'd blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battle hurtled in the Air:
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Calp. When Beggars die, there are no Comets seen,
The Heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to day.
Plucking the entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Cæsar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for fear:
No *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We heare two Lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Deci. *Cæsar*, all hail: Good morrow worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lie?
Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Deci. Most mighty *Cæsar* let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh't at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia herè my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and the great men shall press
For Tinctures, Stains, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This by *Calphurnia's* Dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Deci. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day, a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come.
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate, till another time:
When *Cæsars* wife shall meet with better Dreams.
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper
Lo *Cæsar* is afraid?
Pardon me *Cæsar*, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now *Calphurnia*?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good morrow *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same Ague which hath made you lean.

What is't a Clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Revels long a-nights

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant. So to most Noble *Cæsar*

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

I am too blame to be thus waited for.

Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,

I have an hours talk in store for you:

Remember that you call on me to day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar I will: and so near will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earns to think upon. *Exeunt*

Enter Artemidorus.

Cæsar, beware of *Brutus*, take heed of *Cassius*; come not near
Caska, have an eye to *Cynna*, trust not *Trebonius*, mark well
Metellus Cymbber, *Decius Brutus* loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd
Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it

*is bent against Cæsar: If thou be'st not Immortal, look about you:
Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.*

Thy Lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till *Cæsar* pass along,
And as a Suitor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that Virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou mayest live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive.

Exit.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans mind, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keep counsel.
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæsar* doth, what Suitors press to him.
Hark Boy, what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumour like a Fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?

Sooth. At mine own house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance:
Good morrow to you: here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along.

Exit

Por. I must go in:

Aye me! How weak a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprise.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suit
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail *Cæsar*: Read this Scedule.

Deci. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read
(At your best leisure) this his humble suit.

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first: for mine's a suit
That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, give place.

Cassi. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Popil. I wish your enterprise to day may thrive.

Cassi. What enterprise *Popillius*?

Popil. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popillius Lena*?

Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprise might thrive:
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*: mark him.

Cassi. *Caska* be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,
For I will slay my self.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant:

Popillius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For look he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cassi. *Trebonius* knows his time: for look you *Brutus*
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Deci. Where is *Metellus Cimper*, let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest: press near, and second him.

Cin. *Caska*, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*
Metellus Cymber throws before thy Seat
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee *Cymber*:
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæsar* bears such Rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fools, I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniel fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a Cur out of my way:
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsars* ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæsar*:
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What *Brutus*?

Cassi. Pardon *Cæsar*: *Cæsar* pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cymber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the Northern Star,
 Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the Firmament.
 The Skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
 They are all Fire, and every one doth shine:
 But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
 And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet in the number, I do know but One
 That unassailable holds on his Rank,
 Unshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
 Let me a little shew it, even in this:
 That I was constant *Cymbber* should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius. Great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel?

Cask. Speak hands for me.

They stab Cæsar.

Cæs. *Et Tu Brute?*—Then fall *Cæsar*.

Dies

Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead,
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets.

Cassi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
 Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
 Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of *Cæsars*
 Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius* good cheer,
 There is no harm intended to your person,
 Nor to no Roman else: so tell them *Publius*.

Cassi. And leave us *Publius*, lest that the people
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cassi. Where is *Antony*?

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:

Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cask Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we *Cæsars* Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsars* blood
Up to the Elbows, and besmear our Swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the Market place,
And waving our red Weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.

Cassi. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In State unborn, and Accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompeys* Basis lie along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cassi. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cassi. Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of *Antonies*.

Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royal, and Loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony, shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So says my Master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse:
Tell him, so please him come unto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honour
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently.

Exit Servant.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Cassi. I wish we may: But yet have I a mind
That fears him much: and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*:
Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I my self, there is no hour so fit
As *Cæsars* deaths hour; nor no Instrument
Of half that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find my self so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony*! Beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present Act
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful:
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Mark Antony*:
Our Arms in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassi. Your voice shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisdom:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;

Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
 Though last, not least in love, yours good *Trebonius*,
 Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
 That I did love thee *Cæsar*, O 'tis true:
 If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
 Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of Friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me *Julius*, here was't thou bay'd brave Hart,
 Here did'st thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy Spoil, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee.
 O World! thou wast the Forest to this Hart,
 And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
 How like a Deer, stroken by many Princes,
 Dost thou here lie?

Cassi. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me Caius Cassius:

The Enemies of *Cæsar*, shall say this:
 Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.

*Cassi. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?*

*Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.*

Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle:

Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek,
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speak in the Order of his Funeral.

Bru. You shall *Mark Antony*.

Cassi. *Brutus*, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That *Antony* speak in his Funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter.

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my self into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsars* death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take you *Cæsars* body:
You shall not in your Funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
And say you do't by our permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt.

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth :
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruins of the Noblest man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Over thy wounds, now do I Prophesy,
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their Ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic Fury, and fierce Civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful Objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of War :
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds,
And *Cæsars* Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarchs voice,
Cry havoc, and let slip the Dogs of War,
That this foul deed, shall smell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Burial.

Enter Octavio's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæsar*!

Ant. Thy heart is big: get thee a-part and weep:
Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed,
 And tell him what hath chanc'd:
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yet,
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this course
 Into the Market place: There shall I try
 In my Oration, how the People take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men,
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young *Octavius*, of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand.

Exeunt

Enter Brutus, and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied,

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.

Cassius go you into the other street,

And part the Numbers:

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,

And public Reasons shall be rendred
 Of *Cæsars* death.

1. *Ple.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2. I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
 When severally we hear them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine Honour, and have respect to mine Honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Judge. If there be any in this Assembly, any dear Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I say, that *Brutus* love to *Cæsar*, was no less than his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were

living, and die all Slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Tears, for his Love: Joy, for his Fortune: Honour, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a Bond-man? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his Country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his death, is enroll'd in the Capitol: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.

Here comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slew my best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dagger for my self, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house.
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be *Cæsar*.
4. *Cæsars* better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. We'll bring him to his House,
With Shouts and Clamours.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speaks.

1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,

And (for my sake) stay here with *Antony*:
 Do grace to *Cæsars* Corpse, and grace his Speech
 Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Mark Antony*
 (By our permission) is allow'd to make.
 I do entreat you, not a man depart,
 Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

Exit

1 Stay ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 Let him go up into the public Chair,

We'll hear him: Noble *Antony* go up.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.

4 What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 He says, for *Brutus* sake

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here?

1 This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 Nay that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace ho, let us hear him.

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:

The evil that men do, lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones,

So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous Fault,

And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest

(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,

So are they all; all Honourable men)

Come I to speak in *Cæsars* Funeral.

He was my Friend, faithful, and just to me;

But *Brutus* says, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,

Whose Ransoms, did the general Coffers fill:

Did this in *Cæsar* seem Ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, *Cæsar* hath wept:
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was Ambitious:
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
 You all did see, that on the *Lupercal*,
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was Ambitious:
 And sure he is an Honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
 But here I am, to speak what I do know;
 You all did love him once, not without cause,
 What cause with-holds you then, to mourn for him?
 O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
 And Men have lost their Reason. Bear with me,
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pause, till it come back to me.

- 1 Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings.
- 2 If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar ha's had great wrong.
3. Ha's he Masters? I fear there will a worse come in hi
 place.
4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown,
 Therefore 'tis certain, he was not Ambitious.

1. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2. Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome than *Antony*.
4. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
 Have stood against the World: Now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O Masters! If I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to Mutiny and Rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong my self and you,
 Than I will wrong such Honourable men.
 But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæsar*,
 I found it in his Closet, 'tis his Will:
 Let but the Commons hear this Testament:
 (Which pardon me) I do not mean to read,
 And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsars* wounds,
 And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for Memory,
 And dying, mention it within their Wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
 Unto their issue.

4 We'll hear the Will, read it *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæsars* Will.

Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
 It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you:
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
 And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
 For if you should, O what would come of it?

4 Read the Will, we'll hear it *Antony*:
 You shall read us the Will, *Cæsars* Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
 I have o'er-shot my self to tell you of it,
 I fear I wrong the Honourable men,
 Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do fear it.

4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Testament.

2 They were Villains, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will:
 Then make a Ring about the Corpse of *Cæsar*,
 And let me shew you him that made the Will:
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Descend.

3 You shall have leave.

4 A Ring, stand round.

1 Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2 Room for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back: room, bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,

That day he overcame the *Nervii*.

Look, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:

See what a rent the envious *Caska* made:

Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd,

And as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away:

Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no:

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.

Judge, O you Gods, how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him:

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than Traitors arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,

And in his Mantle, muffling up his face,

Even at the Base of *Pompeys* Statue

(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.

O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd over us.

O now you weep, and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity: These are gracious drops.

Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold

Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is Himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1. O piteous spectacle!

2. O Noble *Cæsar*!

3. O woful day!

4. O Traitors, Villains!

1. O most bloody sight!

2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge

About, seek, burn, fire, kill, slay,

Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1. Peace there, hear the Noble *Antony*.

2. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden Flood of Mutiny:

They that have done this Deed, are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas I know not,

That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,

And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.

I come not (Friends) to steal away your hearts,

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man

That love my Friend, and that they know full well,

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither writ nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor Utterance, nor the power of Speech,

To stir mens Blood. I only speak right on:

I tell you that, which you your selves do know,

Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor poor dumb mouths

And bid them speak for me: But were I *Brutus*,

And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*

Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue

In every Wound of *Cæsar*, that should move

The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

All. We'll Mutiny.

1 We'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3 Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me Countrymen, yet hear me speak

All. Peace ho, hear *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas you know not, I must tell you then:

You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsars* Seal:

To every Roman Citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy five Drachmas.

2 *Ple.* Most Noble *Cæsar*, we'll revenge his death.

3 *Ple.* O Royal *Cæsar*.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace ho

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walks,

His private Arbours, and new-planted Orchards,

On this side Tiber, he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever: common pleasures

To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.

Here was a *Cæsar*: when comes such another?

1. *Ple.* Never, never: come, away, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.

Take up the body.

2. *Ple.* Go fetch fire.

3. *Ple.* Pluck down Benches.

4. *Ple.* Pluck down Forms, Windows, any thing.

Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief thou art a-foot,

Take thou what course thou wilt.

How now Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsars* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us anything.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to *Octavius*.

Exeunt

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1. What is your name?
2. Whither are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Bachelor?
2. Answer every man directly.
1. Ay, and briefly.
4. Ay, and wisely.
3. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Bachelor? Then to answer every man, directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Bachelor.

2 That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that I fear: proceed directly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæsars* Funeral.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling: briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1. Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3. Tear him, tear him; Come Brands ho, Firebrands: to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius* House, and some to *Caska's*; some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prickt

Octa. Your Brother too must die: consent you *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Prick him down *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sisters son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I dam him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsars* house:
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol.

Exit Lepidus

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octa. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prickt to die
In our black Sentence and Proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more days than you,
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To ease our selves of diverse sland'rous loads,
He shall but bear them, as the Ass bears Gold,
To groan and sweat under the Business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we down his Load, and turn him off
(Like to the empty Ass) to shake his ears,
And graze in Commons.

Octa. You may do your will:
But he's a tried, and valiant Soldier,

Ant. So is my Horse *Octavius*, and for that
 I do appoint him store of Provender.
 It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on:
 His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
 And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so:
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
 A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds
 On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
 Which out of use, and stal'd by other men
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
 But as a property: and now *Octavius*,
 Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
 Are levying Powers; We must straight make head:
 Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
 Our best Friends made, our means stretcht,
 And let us presently go sit in Council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open Perils surest answered.

Octa. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
 And bayed about with many Enemies,
 And some that smile have in their hearts I fear
 Millions of Mischiefs.

Exeunt

Drum. Enter *Brutus*, *Lucillius*, and the Army. *Titinius* and
Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand ho.

Lucil. Give the word ho, and Stand.

Bru. What now *Lucillius*, is *Cassius* near?

Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come

To do you salutation from his Master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
 In his own change, or by ill Officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone: But if he be at hand
 I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

But that my Noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucillius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no tricks, in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitful Jades
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in general
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.

Cassi. Stand ho.

Bru. Stand ho, pass the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.

Cassi. Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cassi. *Brutus*, this sober form of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

Brut. *Cassius*, be content.

Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
 Before the eyes of both our Armies here
 (Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
 Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
 Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Griefs,
 And I will give you Audience.

Cassi. Pindarus,

Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
 A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
 Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
 Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our door.

Exeunt

Manet Brutus and Cassius.

Cassi. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
 You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
 For taking Bribes here of the Sardians;
 Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd your self to write in such a case,

Cassi. In such a time as this, it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your self,
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
 To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
 To Undeservers.

Cassi. I, an itching Palm?
 You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
 Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
 And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassi. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
 Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
 What Villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for Justice? What? Shall one of Us,
 That struck the Foremost man of all this World,

But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dog, and bay the Moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cassi. *Brutus*, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget your self
To hedge me in. I am a Soldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler than your self
To make Conditions.

Bru. Go to: you are not *Cassius*.

Cassi. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cassi. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self:
Have mind upon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away slight man.

Cassi. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way, and room to your rash Choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a Madman stares?

Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? Ay more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaves how Cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your Testy Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.

Cassi. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better Soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noble men.

Cass. You wrong me every way:

You wrong me *Brutus*:

I said, an Elder Soldier, not a Better.

Did I say Better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassi. I durst not.

Bru. No.

Cassi. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cassi. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:

For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of Gold, which you deny'd me,

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By Heaven, I had rather Coin my Heart,

And drop my blood to Drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of Peasants, their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send

To you for Gold to pay my Legions,

Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?

Should I have answered *Caius Cassius* so?

When *Marcus Brutus* grows so Covetous,

To lock such Rascal Counters from his Friends,

Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,

Dash him to pieces.

Cassi. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cassi. I did not. He was but a Fool

That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my hart:

A Friend should bear his Friends infirmities;

But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cassi. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cassi. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassi. Come *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
Set in a Note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote
To cast into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
Dearer than *Pluto's* Mine, Richer than Gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart:
Strike as thou did'st at *Cæsar*: For I know,
When thou did'st hate him worst, thou loved'st him better
Than ever thou loved'st *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, Dishonour, shall be Humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lamb
That carries Anger, as the Flint bears fire,
Who much enforced, shews a hasty Spark,
And strait is cold again.

Cassi. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill remper'd too.

Cassi. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cassi. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cassi. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me

Makes me forgetful.

Bru. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be Friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years I'm sure than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha, how vildly doth this Cynic rhyme?

Bru. Get you hence sirra: Saucy Fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Brut. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the Wars do with these Jigging Fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away be gone.

Exit Poet

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cas. And come your selves, and bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of Wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha? *Portia*?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death
That tidings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Give me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkindness *Cassius*. *Drinks*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine o'er-swell the Cup:
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus* love.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Messala*:
Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cass. *Portia*, art thou gone?

Bru. No more I pray you.

Messala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mess. My self have Letters of the self-same Tenure.

Bru. With what Addition.

Mess. That by proscription, and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Have put to death, an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy Senators, that died
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cassi. *Cicero* one?

Messa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription

Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No *Messala*.

Messa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing *Messala*.

Messa. That me thinks is strange.

Bru. Why ask you?

Hear you ought of her, in yours?

Messa. No my Lord.

Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Messa. Then like a Roman, bear the truth I tell,
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why farewell *Portia*: We must die *Messala*:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Messa. Even so great men, great losses should endure.

Cassi. I have as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cassi. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cassi. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his means, weary his Soldiers,
Doing himself offence, whil'st we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd:
From which advantage shall we cut him off.
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cassi. Hear me good Brother,

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth every day,
We at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our Ventures.

Cassi. Then with your will go on: we'll along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And Nature must obey Necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest:
There is no more to say.

Cassi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius,

Bru. *Lucius* my Gown: farewell good *Messala*,
Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cassi. O my dear Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls:
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cassi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farwell every one.
Give me the Gown. Where is thy Instrument?

Exeun.

Luc. Here in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,
I'll have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. Varrus, and Claudio.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you sirs, lie in my Tent and sleep,
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my Brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will it not have it so: Lie down good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look *Lucius*, here's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my Gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me good Boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a-while,
And touch thy Instrument a strain or two.

Luc. Ay my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Music, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O Murd'rous slumbler!
Layest thou thy Laden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Music? Gentle knave good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee;

If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,
I'll take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burns. Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit *Brutus*?

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Brut. Well: then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi*.

Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, *Sirs*: Awake:

Claudio.

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord.

Bru. Did'st thou dream *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow,
Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Clau. My Lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we my Lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:
Bid him set on his Pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come down,
But keep the Hills and upper Regions:
It proves not so: their battailes are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here:
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery: thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody sign of Battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, lead your Battaile softly on
Upon the left hand of the even Field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent.

Octa. I do not cross you: but I will do so.

March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cassi. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Octa. *Mark Antony*, shall we give sign of Battle?

Ant. No *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the Signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes *Octavius*.

An. In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you give good words
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,
Crying long live, Hail *Cæsar*.

Cassi. *Antony*,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* Bees,
And leave them Honey-less.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too:
For you have stol'n their buzzing *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the sides of *Cæsar*:
You shew'd your teethes like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Cæsars* feet;
Whil'st damned *Caska*, like a Cur, behind
Strook *Cæsar* on the neck. O you Flatterers.

Cassi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thank your self,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops:
Look, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never till *Cæsars* three and thirty wounds

Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Brut. *Cæsar*, thou canst not die by Traitors hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope:
I was not born to die on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Strain,
Young-man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cassi. A peevish School-boy, worthless of such Honor
Join'd with a Masker, and a Reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Octa. Come *Antony*: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army.

Cassi. Why now blow wind, swell Billow,
And swim Bark:

The Storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho *Lucillius*, hark, a word with you.

Lucillius and Messala stand forth.

Luc. My Lord.

Cassi Messala.

Messa. What says my General?

Cassi. *Messala*, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand *Messala*:
Be thou my witness, that against my will
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
Upon one Battle all our Liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Comm'g from *Sardis*, on our former Ensign
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* here consorted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,

And in their steads, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Messa. Believe not so.

Cassi. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Even so *Lucillius*.

Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.
But since the affairs of men rests still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how:
But I do find it Cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my self with patience,
To stay the providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battle,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no:
Think not thou Noble Roman,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meet again, I know not:
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell *Cassius*,

If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Brutus*:

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then lead on. O that a man might know
 The end of this days business, ere it come:
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
 And then the end is known. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and give these Bills
 Unto the Legions, on the other side. *Loud Alarum.*
 Let them set on at once: for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in *Octavio's* wing:
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow:
 Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come down. *Exeunt*

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassi. O look *Titinius*, look, the Villains fly:
 My self have to mine own turn'd Enemy:
 This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
 I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
 Who having some advantage on *Octavius*,
 Took it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whil'st we by *Antony* are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
 Fly therefore Noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cassi. This Hill is far enough. Look, look *Titinius*
 Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troops, are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

Exit.

Cassi. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thick: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compass. Sirra, what news?

Pind. Above. O my Lord.

Cassi. What news?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titinius*. Now some light: O he lights too.
He's ta'en. *Shout.*

And hark, they shout for joy.

Cassi. Come down, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend ta'en before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsars* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the Hilt,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword. — *Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not so have been
Durst I have done my will. O *Cassius*,

Far from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Messa. Where did you leave him.

Titin. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Titin. He lies not like the Living. O my heart!

Messa. Is not that he?

Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun:
As in thy red Rays thou dost sink to night;
So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.
The Sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's Child:
Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

Messa. Seek him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while:
Why did'st thou send me forth brave *Cassius*?

Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
 Put on my Brows this wreath of Victory,
 And bid me give it thee? Did'st thou not hear their shouts?
 Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
 Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
 And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:
 By your leave Gods: This is a Romans part,
 Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* hart. *Dies*

*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,
 Volumnius, and Lucillius.*

Bru. Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lie?

Messa. Lo yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet,
 Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
 In our own proper Entrails. *Low Alarums.*

Cato. Brave *Titinius*,
 Look where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
 The last of all the Romans, far thee well.
 It is impossible, that ever Rome
 Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe no tears
 To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.
 I shall find time, *Cassius*: I shall find time.
 Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his body,
 His Funerals shall not be in our Camp,
 Lest it discomfort us. *Lucillius* come,
 And come young *Cato*, let us to the Field,
Labio and *Flavio* set our Battailes on:
 'Tis three a clock, and Romans yet ere night,
 We shall try Fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucillius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the Field.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Country's Friend.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.

Enter Soldiers and fight.

And I am *Brutus, Marcus Brutus*, I,

Brutus my Country's Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O young and Noble *Cato*, art thou down?

Why now thou diest, as bravely as *Titinius*,

And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2. *Sold.* Room ho: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1. *Sold.* I'll tell thee news. Here comes the General,
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en my Lord.

Ant Where is he?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no Enemy

Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:

The Gods defend him from so great a shame

When you do find him, or alive, or dead

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,

A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness. I had rather have

Such men my Friends, than Enemies. Go on,

And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
 And bring us word, unto *Octavius* Tent:
 How every thing is chanc'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brut. Come poor remains of friends, rest on this Rock.

Clit. *Statillius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
 He came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain.

Brut. Sit thee down, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*.

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Brut. Peace then, no words.

Clit. I'll rather kill my self.

Brut. Hark thee, *Dardanius*.

Dard. Shall I do such a deed?

Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.

Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: look he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessel full of grief,
 That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brut. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Volum. What says my Lord?

Brut. Why this, *Volumnius*:

The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
 Two several times by Night: at Sardis, once;
 And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
 I know my hour is come.

Volum. Not so, my Lord.

Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
 Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: *Low Alarums.*
 It is more worthy, to leap in our selves,
 Than tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
 Thou know'st, that we two went to School together:
 Even for that our love of old, I prithee

Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum still.

Cly. Fly, fly my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius.*

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:

Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this loosing day

More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,

By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue

Hath almost ended his lives History:

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,

That have but labour'd, to attain this hour.

Alarum. Cry within, *Fly, fly, fly.*

Cly. Fly, fly my Lord, fly.

Bru. Hence: I will follow:

I prithee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:

Thy life hath had some smatch of Honour in it,

Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well my Lord.

Bru. Farewell good *Strato*.—*Cæsar*, now be still

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

Dies.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Octavius*, *Messala*, *Lucillius*,
and the Army.

Octa. What man is that?

Messa. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,

The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:

For *Brutus* only overcame himself,

And no man else hath Honour by his death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*

That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strat. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Messa. How died my Master *Strato*?

Strat. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messa. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great *Cæsar*:
He, only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; This was a man.

Octa. According to his Virtue, let us use him
With all Respect, and Rites of Burial.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall lie,
Most like a Soldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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